

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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\$1 00 a Year

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,

MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,

Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

G. W. DUNCAN,
Practical Land Surveyor,

1st Nat. Bldg., Marlinton, W. Va.
All calls by phone and mail promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and
Guarantee Company

This company will furnish bonds of all county, state and municipal officers; fiduciary bonds, such as administrators, guardians, etc.; junction bonds; bank officials, indemnifying bonds, in court bonds of all kinds; attachment bonds, treasurers, etc.

Come Ye Into the Summer Woods.

Come ye into the summer woods,
There uttereth no annoy,
The leaf is green and sparkling,
And the earth is full of joy.
There comes the little gentle bird
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge
And freely drink their fill;
And dash about and splash about:
The merry little things!
And look askance with bright black eyes
And dirt their dripping wings.

The nodding plants they bow their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
We said unto those little things,
"Tis merry living here."
—Our Dumb Animals.

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We said unto those little things,
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—Our Dumb Animals.

STREAMS I HAVE FISHED.

MUDDY CREEK.

In the Valley of Virginia, in the great county of Rockingham, is a little stream about ten miles in length, called Muddy Creek. It flows through a fertile limestone country; the whole country is farmed to the waters edge and waters are always muddy. Fine limestone springs feed the creek at regular intervals. Farm houses line the banks of the creek and it is hard to tell where one village ends or another begins.

It was among the effete civilization of Muddy Creek that I was born in 1871, and I commenced to fish at the mature age of five years.

It was there that I acquired the insidious habit of fishing. It is strange how easily a bad habit is formed and how hard it is to be broken. Beware, my dear young friends, of the first fish. You do not know what chains of habit you are forging. The time may come that will see you a slave to fishing and you will leave the hay in swath or the family cow in the ditch to lie away and gratify the consuming passion.

Want, penny and woe, come from fishing. The children cry for beefsteak and you offer them a fish. Therefore be warned by my horrible example and do not allow the lust for fishing to become so grafted in your nature that you cannot eradicate it.

True it keeps you well and strong and sends you back to work with a clean brain, able to do mental work that otherwise you could never hope to accomplish, but what is that compared to the slavery of waiting for one more bite.

Muddy Creek, in the dim red dawn of man, of which I write was full of suckers and eels. The eels worked up every year from the unfathomable depths of the ocean. The suckers lived and died in the murky pools between the grassy banks of the stream. I spent my spare time on the creek during the fishing season, until at the age of eleven I had absorbed enough malaria to kill an ordinary child. I fought it out in bed that summer and came near crossing the great divide, but was called back for some reason beyond my knowledge and have had a tough time ever since.

My first fish was caught on a pin hook. A store-bought hook was beyond my means. The pin was bent by some adult friend and tied to a bit of wrapping twine. A willow twig furnished the rod. Being but five years old I must have appeared young to the casual observer, but it did not strike me that way at the time. The creek was swarming with minnows and it was not long until I had struck, played and landed a two inch one. I immediately took it home and exhibited it and I can still remember that it did not create the commotion in the family circle that I expected.

It was not long after that I became possessed of a Limerick hook. I had but the one and knew not where another would come from should that one be lost, and many a time, I suppose I risked a precious life to recover that hook when it became fast at the bottom of the creek.

In a few years I would return with a string of suckers and since then I have steadily caught fish. I despise the humble sucker now. The bass and the trout have come my way. But if I should live to

be, a last leaf upon the tree, I might do as I did then, and sucker fish again, neatly, some over hanging tree, with cane rod upon my knee, in the spring, in the spring.

In those days it was lawful to set fish traps. This was accomplished by making a box with an entrance in a V shape. The fish were supposed to go into the coral and never find their way out. We were never successful. The stream was dammed so the water would run through the trap. One day two men were putting in a trap on the ripple above where I was fishing in a pool. They tore up the sod and built up a dam with it and the rocks on the bottom of the creek. Presently the water became muddy and set the suckers to biting. The result was that I caught sixteen, large able bodied suckers, about all that I could carry. The trap as usual was a failure.

As I remember it was the proper thing to go armed with a fishing pole and line. It was a good thing to have it ready. You did not feel fully dressed in the summer time without fishing tackle.

In the summer time the suckers were found in shallow water. They would take refuge under the banks and could be taken with the bare hands. There were more water snakes on this stream than anything else, and occasionally you would come in contact with one. A snake was easily distinguished from a fish—the rusty iron feeling was unmistakable. The only thing to do was to take the snake by the tail and send it flying across the country and kill it before it could regain the waters of the creek. Not to do this was to brand the boy a coward and lacking in nerve.

Fishing on this creek was sometimes fraught with some peril. War would be declared between the boys on our side against the boys on the other, and the creek itself was disputed territory. One might be fishing in a pool and his meditations interrupted by a whizzing stone passing within a few inches and falling with a clug in the peaceful waters. Then the pool being troubled the lines would be hastily wound up and new fishing ground sought.

One day I was fishing for suckers below a mill dam after a summer shower had muddled the stream. All at once I found myself engaged in a struggle to retain my fishing pole. After a mighty contest I landed a four pound eel and dragged it to the hills for a quarter of a mile or so, where I killed it in the orthodox manner by cutting it back of the head. It was not often that an eel was taken in day time.

The proper way to fish for eels was to set night lines for them. It was expensive undertaking however. At least fifty cents capital must be found. The lines must be strong and the hooks large.

As a rule however work could be secured dropping corn in the spring for some farmer at twenty-five cents a day. By the time corn planting was over I was generally in funds. I could not only equip myself with fishing tackle, but could take a trip to the county seat in somebody's freight wagon, and buy a pint of peanuts and a glass of lemonade or soda water, and make a day of it.

The eel fishing came in after the sucker fishing was over. The practice was to catch minnows for bait. After the evening work was done, and the cows delivered at that proper places, according to contracts, and supper eaten, the eel lines should be set. This was accomplished by driving a peg in the bank and throwing the line with a heavy sinker into the middle of the stream. The line had to be concealed from the enemy, for if found, a reprisal was sure to be effected. Then in the gray of the morning the lines must be taken in for left later the eels would certainly escape by making redoubled exertions.

As I look back upon my summers in the green pasture lands through which Muddy Creek winds its sluggish way, I know

what I little thought then that I was eating the white bread of life. A thousand occurrences come to mind trivial in themselves but which seem to be as vivid as ever. Here's then to Muddy Creek and to the health of the boys who have succeeded me in my employment there.

Leading Papers Against Roosevelt.

The leading metropolitan papers (as the New York papers are called) almost without exception, express themselves in the most outspoken terms of dissatisfaction with Roosevelt, and with giving him four years more of the presidency. The Herald, Sun, World, Times, Evening Post, Staats-Zeitung and Brooklyn Eagle are now opposing Roosevelt, although they all supported McKinley. The only prominent New York journal that remains steadfast in its Republican support is the "old reliable" Tribune. We believe if Horace Greeley were alive, with his white hat and honest heart, and had his stalwart hand on the helm of the Tribune, even that paper would join in the general acclaim for a safe, conservative man at the head of the government, instead of the helter-skelter, jump-jacket, erratic, pugnacious individual who by the accident of an assassin's bullet is now seated in the White House.

No wonder Cortelyou, the chairman of the campaign committee, is scouring the country, frying the fat out of the corporations, tariff-robbers and money-sharks to raise a mammoth corruption fund. The Republican bosses are shivering in their shoes.—Charlottesville Progress.

Paper Printed for the Cherokees.

The Cherokee Advocate is one of the oldest and most interesting newspapers in the United States. It is the official organ of the Cherokee nation, and is published at Tahlequah at the nation's expense. It is a five-column folio weekly, half of which is printed in the Cherokee language. It is strictly non-partisan, and is forbidden by law to deal in politics. Indians who read only Cherokee get the paper free. The total circulation is about 1,000. The cost of publication is about \$2,500 a year over and above receipts from advertisements. The expense is met by an annual appropriation. The salary of the editor is \$600 and a nice home. He is appointed by the national council.

The paper has been in existence since 1840. It discontinued publication upon the opening of the civil war, but started again in 1867. It continued until 1874, when a fire destroyed the plant. It resumed publication in 1877 and has been running ever since. The sole object of the paper is to perpetuate the Cherokee language.—Kansas City Journal.

Stole the Horse and Buggy Used in Honeymoon Journey.

The honeymoon trip of Wm. Bower and bride, of Athens, came to a sorry ending at Parkersburg a few days ago, when Bower and his bride were arrested by Chief of Police Barron, on a warrant charging them with stealing a horse and buggy in which they made their wedding journey. The rig was stolen in Athens.

After a drive of fifty miles, Bowers sold the outfit to a liveryman at Cornice for \$300, though it was valued at five hundred. He and his bride then came here by train. Marshal Funsterwald, of Athens, pursued the couple and tonight with local officers found Bower and his bride hiding in a cellar in a suburb. They consented to return without extradition.

A Texas steer fell overboard from a coastwise steamer the other day and swam for miles before succumbing to old Neptune. He was observed through the glass by a Jersey hotel proprietor, who straightway notified the press of sighting "a mysterious horned sea serpent of a dun hue and with the tail of a lion, which wallowed frantically amid the waves, spouting columns of water from its mouth like a whale."

DOWN THE LINE

WITH W. T. P. TO LECTURE AT SEEBERT.

Meeting of Old School Mates After a Lapce of Forty Years.

July 30th, 1904, was a gruesome day in the annals of Marlinton. Three hastily prepared coffins that had been fabricated at the tannery shop during the previous night were borne along the street in the direction of Huntsville for the burial of a father and two sons that had been drowned the previous afternoon near the Kramer cabin, three miles away.

The wife and mother of these persons was at the station telling to every one that would listen the sad tale of what had happened in their journey from Randolph to Pulaski county.

I happened to be there at the time to take the train for Seebert to fulfill a promise of about two years standing to lecture. Upon reaching Seebert and not finding my friend, George Clendenin, at the station, I felt rather depressed and somewhat perplexed as what I should do with myself. This state of things was rather aggravated by being approached by one of the more prominent citizens, who expressed himself as much surprised at seeing me, my presence being so much unexpected by him.

I had to tell him that our surprise was mutual, as I had come down believing that I was expected by every one around Seebert. As a last resort and to find out how the land lay I picked up my belongings and wended my way to the Clendenin home, and if matters were not as I had arranged for I could find it all out, and all could be rectified by taking the up train that would be along in an hour and thus relieve every body of any trouble or embarrassment and be no hard thoughts so far as I might be concerned either. Upon coming to "Bro. George's" cottage home I learned he was so very ill that he could not make his appearance. Mrs. Clendenin informed me he had taken pains to have matters arranged and that I was expected and so she soon made affairs very pleasant for me and to make myself at home to which it was my pleasure to make a hearty response.

I found "Aunt Mary" McNeel was here on a visit to her daughter Luella. Sixty-two years ago, Mary Jordan and I were school mates at the old Log Pole Academy. I remember her as an attractive modest girl and one of the quietest and best beloved scholars in the large school. She and I were class mates in the dictionary class, and she was hard to turn down, and we sometimes would have it nip and tuck. When our school days were over, events have so turned out that I had not seen her to speak to her for at least forty years, before that Saturday evening. It was more than pleasant to find she remembered me as well as I remembered her, and we lived over our school times once more in memory at least.

As a daughter, school girl, wife and mother and neighbor, "Aunt Mary's" life for well nigh 77 years has been a model one, as I heard every one say, that knows her.

During the night Bro. George seemed to have been relieved of agonizing pains in the head, and was up in time to call me for breakfast and morning prayer. He seemed to regret very much that his condition was such that he could not make my visit as pleasant as he had so long hoped he might be able to do, whenever it was so that I could come as had been so long promised. Save the passing of the passenger train about nine in the morning, there seemed to be a strange stillness over Seebert and the surroundings.

Quietly and almost imperceptibly the veil of mist, white a bridal one, was raised and the sun beamed brightly from the azure eastern sky, and all the air seemed pervaded by a solemn stillness.

On every side the primitive forest, was in evidence, and but a short walk would bring over to its silent shades, nooks and leafy bowers. As I sat near a crimson ramble, all alone, my notice was attracted by an invisible solitary bird not far away on the hill side, trilling its song, without any response that I could hear. And at the same time just beyond the garden in the opposite direction, a girlish voice was heard singing a hymn.

The soul of the singer seemed to be thrown into the refrain: "Jesus has promised never to leave me. No, never to leave me."

The two singers, the solitary bird and the invisible singer impressed me, more than I have words to express and I was made to feel that there must be a good day in store for me at Seebert, after all, and I had no more misgivings.

Sabbath school children were the next to attract my notice, from my outlook near the Crimison Rambler, on their way to the school house perched on an eminence but hidden from view by the fringes of the forest. They were talking about the good time had the day before at Droop Mountain. It seems that Mr. Patrick had arranged to give his class of fourteen or fifteen boys and girls an outing, which was enjoyed so much, that these little people will remember it long as they may live as one of the best days of their lives. They will never forget the enjoyment they derived from the pounds of candy, many lemons and sugar thrown in with "dead loads" of chicken, cake, pickles and preserves.

I could not help thinking how little it requires to make juvenile people so happy. The memory of Saturday July 30, 1904, will be talked about should they live to be as old as "Aunt Mary" and myself, and will be lived over in their memories hundreds of times, and they will never cease loving their teacher for his kindness to them.

None of Mr. Clendenin's family felt able to attend Sunday school except Amy Addison, one of the scholars about 12 years of age. Piloted by Amy I had no trouble to find the school house in its leafy, cool, leafy retreat. Quite a number had gathered, but before opening the school John Payne, the superintendent, and B. A. East, the secretary, noticed me out off doors and honored me by coming out and manifested so much pleasure at seeing me that it made me feel that I was just where I was wanted. I was requested to open the school and conduct the Bible class, which I cheerfully consented to do.

But in doing this I met my usual fate of meeting with persons who could ask questions. I was not wise enough to answer in curb-stone fashion and had to resort to my usual tactics of knowing little or nothing and getting the questioners to answer their own questions. I had my suspicions that the inquirers were laying for me and wanted an opportunity to show how well they had studied the lesson, and thus knew more than their teacher.

The lesson was about the reigns of Omri and Ahab. There is a great deal to be learned about human policy from this part of Bible history and one of the things very forcibly illustrated it takes a very smart man to make a popular rascal of a politician and that political rascality sometimes gets the better of political honesty under the guise of religion by artfully pandering to the religious proclivities of the plain honest people. Ruler Elder Allan Kinnison thought he knew of just such men in his time before the public, but would not call any names or give any hints.

By the time for the lecture an immense audience had gathered

and more than could be seated in the commodious school house. Such an audience as to numbers and character was worth coming far to meet to many of the important people of the community being represented thereby.

The hymns, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," "A Charge to Keep I Have," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," were sung with remarkable spirit and emphasis.

The selection lectured on was: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of His majesty."

"For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

"And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount."

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts:"

"Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." H Peter 1:16-21.

Mr. Nathan, a Russian Hebrew, resident of Seebert, had me home with him for dinner. Mrs. Nathan, an Eastern Virginia lady, had prepared a dinner that reminded me forcibly of the grand dinners I frequently enjoyed while I was a seminary student in Prince Edward county, adjoining her native county. The Old Virginia dinners are historically famous for all that is appetizing and plentiful. It required tables with strong legs to stand up under what was spread upon them at the dinner hour, and so it was at Seebert the 5th Sunday of July, 1904.

When the hour for the evening lecture arrived Amy was my pilot again and upon climbing the forest clad hill I found another large audience but largely of persons not present at the morning service. Some young people were singing the Sunday school hymn that I heard some little girl sing early in the morning, referred to elsewhere.

During this evening service, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Pass Me Not O, Gentle Saviour," "Saviour More Than Life to Me," were sung in a most delightful manner. I came near telling the people it was well worth while to visit Seebert to hear such refreshing singing.

As I did not do it then I will just do it now, and put it on record.

On the homeward way, Monday morning, the passenger just across the aisle claimed to be a first cousin of Wm. Cullen Bryant, the renowned author of Thanatopsis and the two had been attached intimate friends from early boyhood.

It seemed so natural to recall

Thanatopsis, under the circumstances that I will close this paper with the concluding lines of that poem:

As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green springs, and
he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron
and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the
smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy
side,
By those who in their turn shall follow
them,
Solitvethat when thy summons come
to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the realms of shade where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at
night;
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained
and soothed
By unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave,
Like one who wraps drapery of his
couch
About him and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

W. T. P.

THE HINTON HOSPITAL.

A Great Advantage to the Town in More Ways Than One.

It is a fact that may not have occurred to many that the existence in Hinton of a first-class hospital a distinct commercial advantage to us. To have a hospital here at all is a decided boon. To have a place where the sick are properly cared for, and where the injured and diseased may receive the best and most prompt surgical and medical attention at the right time is something that few towns the size of Hinton are favored with.

But apart from this, the Hinton Hospital brings money to the town. Patients come here from a distance; many of them from other States. They never fail to do more or less shopping. Large numbers of them take occasion to lay in complete outfits of clothing, shoes, hats, millinery, jewelry, dry goods, medicines and other groceries, furniture, etc. In the majority of cases they are accompanied by relatives and friends who patronize the hotels and boarding houses, and to the stream of trade the hospital brings to the city. This trade is constant, as these people are always coming and going.

In addition to this the hospital itself spends a large amount of money. It has fifteen employees. Dr. Cooper told a reporter for this paper that the current expenses of the hospital were \$1,000 a month, and that also in the last two years over \$10,000 was expended in improvements alone. Nearly all of this went into the pockets of Hinton people.

The Hinton Hospital, equipped as it is with a staff of surgeons and physicians, trained nurses, and all the furnishings that enterprise can secure or the needs of the service suggest, deserves the encouragement of Hinton people. And looked on merely as a business proposition, it merits the support of every business man.—Hinton Daily News.

Republican papers are asserting that the Democratic party has suffered a heavy loss by ex-Gov. Hogg's withdrawal from it. Mr. Hogg weighs 300 pounds.

Are you aware



In the course of a year, the balance wheel of your watch makes 157,680,000 revolutions?

Just Think Of It!

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an accurate time piece.

Will You Thus Ruin Yours?

An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Your watch should be cleaned and oiled at least once a year. Let us examine it; an honest opinion from us will cost you nothing. Should it need cleaning, we can apply the remedy in a skillful manner. Should it need other repairs we are prepared to make them.

Last, but not least, our prices are reasonable, our work honest and our guarantee lived up to.

Give Us A Trial.

Greenbrier Jewelry Co.,

First National Bank Building,

Marlinton, W. Va.